



Peggy Bawn.

AS I went o'er the Highland hills,
to a farmer's house I came,
The night being dark and something wet,
I ventured to the same;
Where I became a courtier,
a pretty girl I spy'd,
Who ask'd me if I had a wife,
but marriage I deny'd.
I courted her the live long night,
and part of the next day,
till simply unto me she said,
along with you I'll gae,
For Ireland is a pretty place,
and pretty men therein,
And I will gae along with you,
the world to begin.
Night being come and supper o'er,
we went to take our rest,
The goodman to the goodwife said,
be kind unto our guest,
This courtier is an Irishman,
and an Irishman so brave,
And if he stay in this country,
my daughter he shall have.
The day being come and breakfast o'er,
to the parlour I was ta'en,
The goodman kindly asked me,
If I'd marry his daughter Jean.
An hundred marks I'll give to thee,
besides a piece of land,
But scarcely he had spoke these words,
till I thought on Peggy Bawn,
Your offer, Sir, is very good,
and I thank you, Sir, said I,
I cannot be your son in law,
and I'll tell you the reason why,
My business calls me in great haste,
I'm the king's messenger bound,
I cannot be your son in law,
till I see Irish ground.
With hat in hand most courteously
I took leave of each one,
Especially of that pretty girl,
who is weary with lying alone;
I bad farewell and came away,
but in my mind it ran,
How blyth and merry were the days,
I spent with Peggy Bawn,
O Peggy Bawn thou art my own,
thy heart lies in thy breast,
And tho' we at a distance be,
I still love thee the best.
And tho' we at a distant are,
and the seas between us roar,
I'll constant be dear Peggy Bawn
to you for ever more,